THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, &c.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1842. WHOLE NUMBER.

Original Poetry.

THE STORM AT SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sky's bright tint has changed to grey,
The sable clouds now frown,
The widely heaving billows roar,
Oh! must the bark go down?
The lightning glares, the thunders crash
In echo'd o'er the wave,
There is not one, but one, his power
That doomed hand to save.
The land is near—there coes dear home.
In imagination fair,
And hopes of life, and fear of death,
Come wildly struggling nigh.
The pallent lark still rides the wave,
A ship, labour'd by
The storm are splintered, yet, oh! yet
She braves the fearful strife.
The darkening cloud, the fearful thunders roared,
No light to show the way—
Save when the liquid element
Sheds round its fatal ray.
The wind is sounding in the shrouds,
They're sinking, sinking fast,
The boats are manned, their only hope,
Oh, God! that one had past!
Ere yet the last one left the wreck,
The lightning played upon—
The beautiful, the noble ship,
Is buried 'neath the seas
The last one's cry of agony,
Rolls o'er its rapid chord—
The shriek, the stifled groan,
As the tortring agony wrings its flight
With that last sob'bing moan.
Peace be to them,—the young, the fair,
The bright, the noble hearted,
Peace to the mourners left on earth,
To grieve o'er the departed.

SPENCER N. Y. May 30, 1842.

THE SUMMER WIND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY R. D. ANDERSON.

Sweet through the shadows of the summer night,
Wilder stillness rests on rock, and tree, and stream,
Comes the summer wind with breath so light
As tones of gladness to a maiden's dream.
Kissing my lips now at open window,
That offer perfume to the star-gemm'd sky,
Or singing to the flowers that sleep below,
Nature's sloquence their lullaby.

It heaps the cadence of the ocean's song,
As it takes the music of the gentle shells,
The mermaid's lute—to which the spotless throng
Dance in the moonlight to music's thrilling spell;
It plays in gambols with the mother's tress
And kisses her brow to cool its heat,
Or lightly lays on the cradled babe
It rocks to rest beneath the evening shade.

It is the wild summer voice it plaids the stream
That wander'd slowly through the valley day,
And breaking from its chain as from a dream,
Is free and joyous in a moment's play.
It stirs the ripples of the dreamy lake,
That plant it's banners with the sunset's tread,
So sweetly hush'd, that nature in wonder's break
Its voice of praise in the Summer's ear.

It comes with freshness when the noon is up,
Bathing all Nature in her magic sheen,
Or like the coming of a beautiful thought
When pleas'd beneath the eyes of beauty's queen,
The night-bird's song is wafted from the hill,
The tones of glee are heard in the valley,
And young hearts bound beneath the soul'sing thrill
Of summer's hopes in this sweet Summer hour.

Original Tales.

THE THEATRE TICKET;
Or, the Two Apprentices.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," &c.

I MEDITATE and embrace the great truths that labor is the dignity and happiness of man; that every man, and that he who evades or shrinks from it, not only is unmanly in his own responsibilities, but is false to the trust reposed in him by his own highest good. Mental, physical and moral culture can only be developed and perfected by labor; and that labor is the deepest and divinest neglected method. He who honestly and faithfully labors in whatever department of human activity, whether mechanical or intellectual, has my best claim to the respect and esteem of his fellow-men, and will, after the decease, the prodigal, the consumer of other men's earnings, the idler, the man of fashion, the voluptuary, the mere drone in the hive.—Dr. Channing.

The Great Architect who constructed the Mechanism of the Universe is, and necessarily is it said, a Mechanician.—*Locke.*

We have some before written upon the subject which we have reserved for the basis of the following tale. But it is as broad and comprehensive as the ocean it expands our fancy and fatal to our national liberties, as well as to our prosperity and happiness. If our dearly cherished republic shall escape the catastrophe that has overwhelmed the career of every one of its predecessors in ancient and modern days, it must be by the prevalence of pure morals and liberal views in regard to the distinctions assigned to birth, money and occupation.—The people must be made to see and to feel that the dress of reputation, so much now observed has a false basis—that there can be no such thing as personal merit without virtue and usefulness, and that no branch of industry or property entitled to the general comfort is intrinsically degrading. We have, even, among the working classes a scale of personal merit graduated, by occupation, and that to a certain extent, the merit of individuals. It is a relic of the absurd principles of the Gauls, which, even now, are unmanly are upheld; and shows, that, although they are, as a nation, free, the works of the old servitude are not obliterated.

This is the age of independence in thought and action. Men are beginning to think fearlessly and to look at things no longer through the medium of custom, but of habit and prejudice, but are learning to see them naked as they are. It is the learning when men will not judge each other's merit or claims to the enjoyment of or confidence by the surrogates they follow, but by the unclothed and unbiased judgment. The present labor of the hands will not be regarded dishonorable if the heart be clean.

Virtue it is goes dignity to clad!
Ask not other hands to clasp and carry; but
Look to thine own, to thine own heart, and mind!
Remember! Look not if vainness be all rich,
Or if the heart be sound that beats beneath!

We will lead my new Henry, a stout, healthy, active boy of seventeen years old, to enter the counting-house of his father, a merchant carpenter or builder as he may wish, on the Fenelon, Pa. post office.

HENRY FARNHAM.

The village of Preston is romantically situated on the banks of the shining Delaware, embosomed in which are the cedar of which are beautified by neat country seats and gardens. It contained, at the period of our story, about all thousand inhabitants, assorted into the customary ratios, setting, the trades and occupations. There were three distinct classes in this village as in most other American villages: the first embraced the judge, two retired lawyers, two ministers, three doctors in good practice, two rich coal-mine owners, seven merchants and one merchant-tailor. The second class comprised the lesser merchants, two poor ministers, the Methodist preacher, three mechanics who could have a "best parlor," once a year, and send their boys to the "academy." The third class was composed of the carpenter-in-chief, laborers, boatmen, &c. &c. These three classes never crossed each other's paths, never associated, never intermarried, never exercised together socially or religiously. Our story has to do with the first class, and two families belonging to it—to that of Mr. William Dalby and of Henry Farnham.

Mr. Dalby in his youth had been bound an apprentice to a printer by his father who was an industrious saddler. But young William by and by became infected by the pestilence which so many of his fellows were exposed. Not liking his indentures most hour and finally prevailed on his father to get him a place in a country store. Here he got idle habits and learned to wiggle, double money from the drawer and dress extravagantly. His employer soon found he had got to be "too respectable" for his interests and dismissed him. William now succeeded after a years idleness at home, in getting a situation in the city as a book-keeper, but it was not long before it was discovered that he kept the books to harmonize with certain weekly embellishments of the funds of the concern, and he was one morning politely dismissed from the counting-room. He was now twenty-one years of age, and again became an idler beneath the paternal roof. Unluckily he succeeded in getting into the village law student's office to copy papers, and in course of time entered and to pass an examination and became a pettifogging lawyer himself. Shrewd, artful and accommodating he soon managed to obtain a peculiar sort of practice which excited him the contempt of the "Regular Lawyers," but which he despised and became the father of a large family of children. When the eldest boy reached the age of sixteen he began to look round to see what he should do for him. Lawyer Dalby, himself, had got to be one of "the first" in the village, not because he was a good lawyer, for a sound and and a useful member in society; but because he was a lawyer—that is he had no books to no other work than making out writs to ruin his neighbors. Having risen to this rank in he himself used to say by his own talents, and having the good sense to put the printer's trade, his notions of his dignity were very high. He thought it degrading to be underman, longfaiture and scorn, and hapless was the poor laborer that Lawyer Dalby had a demand placed at his hands against!

With this contempt for trades and trades-people, so characteristic of weak and silly minds, it could not be expected of Lawyer Dalby to feel his feeling for his son Walter. It would have been his ambition to have sent him to college, and to Mr. Dalby's large family, and he lived so expensively as to consume nearly one half of he would grind out of the unfortunate or cheat out of the surveys. But he was not contented with this, and he heart he coveted to give his son for his own pride's sake, a place in a store was the most desirable; for next to one of the learned professions was the calling of a merchant of commerce. It is true, commerce in its extended and liberal sense is a noble profession. Comme de Medici ennobled the followers and the princely merchants of England and America have given it a dignity that even the most ambitious have scarcely attained. But there is a wide difference between commerce as a science, and as the medium of interchanging the commodities of two Hemispheres, and the petty traffic of a village store with countless ravine, and that species of trade which consists in selling goods across a counter, and those goods the children of men who have independent means and a good deal of foreign or a yard of tape. But Lawyer Dalby's ideas were not sufficiently enlarged to enable him to see the difference here hinted at; with him it was the counter and the yard measure, and so that his son was put to no trade, it was the same to him whether he got "respectability" behind a counter or at the desk of an India house.

It was under the influence of these false ideas that Mr. Justice Dalby had got his son into a store where he resided and boarded with the family of the proprietor, and had succeeded in getting him apprenticed. He knew that he had to his extraction to put him to a carpenter's trade he was a good deal of that sensitive pride so manifested by Philadelphia, and found himself in a home where the world-ly wisdom of his trade till he was twenty-one, and then was taken into partnership, or started in business. Having in his apprenticeship studied architecture, he determined to practice principally in planning houses, and soon got the celebrity of the skill evinced in those comparatively Preston to send for him to give them a plan of a Court House. It was there the great satisfaction that their employed him to build it. How he became acquainted with a young lady whose father was a wealthy and influential proprietor, and resident in the village. He soon grew rich rapidly, and became the architect of all the public edifices going up in the county. His father-and-law gave him a share in the trade and connection, and soon after dying, left him all his wealth. Nevertheless, Henry Farnham continued his occupation, and was seen at work in his shirt sleeves on the buildings as early as during his earlier life. In his case wealth got the better of his sense of propriety, and though Henry Farnham was a mechanic, he was rich, and therefore a gentleman, and a member of the first caste indeed effected to despise him. Such is the force of public opinion.

Henry Farnham's eldest boy, whom he named after himself, was sixteen years of age, and had the best character, and was considered a promising youth. His father being then the first gentleman but for a trade, had instructed his preceptor to exert general lore in arithmetic and the branches of a good useful English education. He had seen the profits of the system we are endeavoring to expose, for he knew hundreds of men in professions or in store-keeping struggling miserably to get a precarious support, and having age appearances. Through rich, and so far as he could see, able to give a good education to his children, he, like a wise man who is aware of the tendency and power of capital and of the evils attendant on unsuccessful traders after a certain age, determined to give his son an independent and truly place it in his power to make himself comfortable. He felt that the latter was guilty of *Idolatry*, who would make a mechanic of his son with a view to an handicraft by which he might maintain himself. Much wiser he thought would be that merchant who would send his boy to be one day a merchant himself, and with an empty hold and without ballast. Shipwreck and ruin would in both cases be the inevitable result.

Mr. Farnham, therefore, not being so fortunate as to let his own wealth which might fly away to-morrow in the realization for a trade for his son, resolved now that he was in his seventeenth year to put him to some trade by which he might become useful to his fellow-citizens, and to be himself independent. Having consulted him, and finding that he preferred his own trade, he resolved to bind him out to it, preferring to put him with a stranger than place him with himself. He, therefore, let about the same time that Lawyer Dalby wrote for a place for his son William; went at his desk at one end of his store and which we enclose. If when you come to the for the apprentice, and the same characteristic assertions we have copied above.

CHAPTER II.

The day following the issuing of those respective advertisements a troop of youths broke from the confinement of the walls of "The Village Academy," and scattered themselves over the green, some to play "ball," others to wrestle, while others took their way homeward, talking about the afternoon's sports; for it was Saturday and there was no school the rest of the day.

"So, Bill," said one to a tall good looking youth with dark hair, bounding school-mates would term "a genteel figure," "you are going to quit school and keep store in the city! Why don't you make your father let you go to college and be a gentleman? I wouldn't keep a store. I mean to be a lawyer or a doctor! Catch me behind a counter!"

"I would, I either, if I could help it," said William Dalby, blushing. "I should rather have a profession, but then father says he can't afford to send me to college, and a store is just as respectable. One can dress well, you know, and see the girls every day! I hate study, and am glad I can't go to college."

"And so do I, too, fellow, Hen Farnham's father is going to put him out to a trade!" said the first speaker to the latter, in contemptuous with whom he was walking, being two darkest youths in the three academies" sons, and a lawyer's one.

"I see," cried they all; "but his father if he is rich is nothing but a mechanic."

"Yes, and I have always been particular about being very intimate with Henry Farnham, he had an effeminate sense of an M. D. "I am glad now he is to become an apprentice; I never associated much with him."

"Nor I, nor I," said several voices.

"But you did, Dalby," said the juvenile M. D., "and now you'll have to recognize him in the city."

"No! Yes! and no! I'll cut him," answered Dalby, resolutely.

"But what for?" asked a nephew of a late Senator, a fine, bright little fellow, fourteen years old, with a prodigious glow on his fair cheeks. "why will you refuse to recognize Henry Farnham as in the city, because you are to sell silks and laces to women and he is to learn how to build houses and palaces! Let me tell you that I should like Farnham just as well if he was to become a shoe-maker. I don't think it would change his looks a bit."

"Yes like him, Charley Wagner, because he always takes your part," said His Delicacy the juvenile M. D. "I don't know how you would like to walk in Chesnut street with him with his arms full of carpenter's tools."

"I shouldn't care. He would be just the same without them as with them. He is the same with a tailor's goose on his hands as with a tailor's lest clothes on his back."

"You're low, Wagner, decidedly vulgar, isn't he he?" responded the other with slight disgust. "I'm sure I wasn't for your father and uncle I'd cut you. How comes cut low fellow, Farnham, after his books. Let's go."

"Agreed," was the response of the six aristocratic juvenile, and all of them except Charles Wagner gathered close together and walked forward in advance of the stout built, handsome youth with a frank look, cheerful eye and open brow, who came towards them. As he drew near his late class-mates he saw that something was the matter, and that their eyes were studiously averted from his.

"How now, Charley," he said, extending his hand to his young friend. "what means this funeral pace and this cut from me Dalby? How are you, Dalby? Silent? Who is angry with me?" he asked with surprise and something like regret at the thought of having unwittingly offended. "I am going to leave town and should be sorry to part with any of my old school fellows with unpleasant feelings. Have I offended you, William Dalby?"

There was no reply, but all stood looking at each other and then on the ground.

"I'll tell you what you have done, Henry," said Charles Wagner, scarcely able to articulate for the feelings of anger and contempt which the youthful heart, "you have disgraced yourself in their eyes by going into a trade! This is the reason they won't speak to you. But I don't care. I think and feel independently from them. I despise them as much as they do you, Henry. It certainly cannot with me."

"No! with any other person of sense or a right heart in his bosom, Farnham," answered Henry Farnham with a haughty smile as he looked round upon his late school fellows who stood before him like culprits. Farnham felt his superiority, and was pleased with Dalby's for his impulse to give them each and all a sound thrashing, he knew that he could do it, and the effeminate M. D. against Dalby, and held on his way accompanied by Charles Wagner.

"I always knew that little scene to show how thoroughly the youth of our schools are inoculated with this evil, or rather how thoroughly they have taken it in a natural state from their parents. Some single boys among them can show the same spirit of juvenile aristocracy having yet the basis the occupation, either of the father or of the son.

The evening work, Mr. Farnham having entered into partnership with a builder in the city in reference to his son, sent Henry to town to begin his new career in practice. Henry Farnham was a well-educated boy for his age, and possessed naturally a good deal of the same spirit of observation, of men and things. He was no mere trade aristocrat in feeling, for his father had taught him that true respectability consisted in being well: he therefore felt no degradation in serving at a trade, the knowledge of which might make him independent even of his father's wealth. He knew that he could not rise in the world without a trade that they may be "respectable" and "genteel" and "gentlemen," and yet have nothing else strive for but how not what it is, pause before you press your nose in a store or send them to college to struggle with the world by grinding pen and pencil and in debt! pause ere you sacrifice them to your own pride! Think and act independently from this fatal! Spare the base idea you have so long burdened that labor is degrading and he who is farthest removed from it is the most respectable. Come to action! Devote a trade or occupation; and learn ere it be too late by melancholy experience, that to make your children respectable and happy you must give to a situation honestly and cordially to fulfil its duties.

It was a bright sunny morning when our miscellaneous and rough descended from the stage at the "Indian Queen" in Philadelphia, and inquired the way to "Chesnut street, above Sixth." As the firm then was well known he found no difficulty in being directed to the place of his destination. On arriving at it he found it to be a large three story brick store with cellar, and thereby placing in his hands the key of his future fate and fortune. He was doing him an injustice and he did so—and large plane and other tools were ranged along the wall. Finally, Mathew! who would cast your children upon

News from Congress.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the revenue bill was reported from the finance committee, with about a dozen amendments. A resolution was adopted making the bill the special order until it should be finally disposed of.

In the House a joint resolution, fixing the day of adjournment on Monday was passed.

On Thursday, in the Senate, after the morning business, the tariff bill was taken up, the question being on the amendments of the finance committee, to strike out a reduction of the duty on cotton bagging, iron, sugar, &c. These were adopted through the day.

In the House, the bill regulating the compensation of pursers in the Navy, so as to give them an annual salary, was read a third time and passed. Mr. Fillmore called up the Londonderry bill by moving to postpone the question of the vote by which it had been laid on the table. The motion to reconsider was agreed to, and the bill was passed by a vote of 91 to 70. It was then sent to the Senate. The joint resolution authorizing an appropriation of $1,000 for experiments with Cobb's submarine battery, was then taken up and finally adopted.

A bill was reported by Mr. Gentry, from the committee on public lands, providing for a repeal of the 6th section of the distribution act. It was twice read and referred to a committee of the whole. The bill authorizing the establishment of numerous additional custom houses was read a third time and passed. On motion Mr. Adams, a joint resolution was agreed to, providing that hereafter no member of Congress shall be paid for the time he may absent himself from the House unless from sickness, or the public Battery, Mr. presentation of the House, or by leave of the House.

On Friday, the Independent Bill, from the House of Representatives, called up on motion of Mr. Bevier, of Ark. This bill had before passed the House of Representatives, and did it appropriates the sum of forty-five thousand dollars for purchase of sites for the erection of Marine Hospitals on the Western waters. The committee on commerce recommended the postponement of this bill, but after debate it was passed by a vote of 99 to 9.

The Senate at an early hour proceeded to the consideration of the Revenue Bill, as in Committee of the Whole.

The bill was therefore open to amendment.

Mr. Choate, of Mass., proposed to amend the bill in some unessential points, which were agreed to.

Mr. Rives then made a set speech against the whole bill, and proposed as a substitute, a resolution to that introduced into the House by Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, of Penn.

In the House, the resolution was adopted in reference to the Treasury per cent. Proviso—Bill 107—from the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, after one hour's debate.

The resolution was warmly opposed, but adopted upon the previous question.

Mr. J. R. Ingersoll, of Penn., was called to the Chair, and after a long dispute as to the order of business, the following bill was agreed to be considered by a vote of 99 to 79.

A BILL—To repeal the proviso to the sixth section of the act entitled "An act to appropriate the proceeds of the sales of public lands, and to grant pre-emption rights," approved September fourth, eighteen hundred and forty-one, be, and the same is hereby repealed.

Mr. Barnard moved that the bill be reported to the House. The motion prevailed.

The bill was debated very briefly in the House of Representatives, on a speech by Mr. Bidlack of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Thompson closed his remarks with the previous question, being under a pledge to do so. The bill was then passed by the vote of *one hundred and four to eighty-six.*

The bill was soon carried to the Senate for concurrence.

A Treasury Note Bill was then reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, to issue Treasury Notes in lieu of the Loan, to the extent of six millions of dollars, and to provide for the sale of the Loan.

The Remedial Justice Bill was then taken up, debated one hour in committee, and reported to the House.

Mr. Adams moved to lay upon the table, and the main question, "Shall this bill pass?" was taken, and decided in the affirmative.

So the bill passed.

On Saturday in the Senate the tariff bill again came up, the question pending on striking out the duty on manufactures of iron, and the bill to be read the third time. A most elaborate discussion took place, which occupied the Senate till 6 o'clock, P. M. Messrs. Woodbridge, Smith of Ct., Wilcox, Bagby, Berrien, Phelps, Choate, Rives, opposed the passage of the bill. Messrs. Dickinson, Wright and Williams spoke of the prospects of passing some bill; and, though they did not approve of the bill, yet they felt it their duty, under the circumstances, that they ought to vote for it; while Messrs. Woodbridge, Huntington, Choate, White, Conrad, &c.

The following amendments were then adopted. The question was then taken on the bill to be read a third time: and resulted in the affirmative—yeas 27, nays 19, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Barbour, Bayard, Choate, Clayton, Conrad, Crafts, Crittenden, Dayton, Evans, Graham, Huntington, Mangum, Miller, Mouhead, Phelps, Porter, Simmons, Smith, of Ia., Sprague, Tallmadge, White, Woodbridge.—27.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Bagby, Benton, Berrien, Calhoun, Cuthbert, Fulton, Henderson, King, Linn, Preston, Rives, Sevier, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Woodbury, Wright, Young.—19.

The joint resolution from the House authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to apply for an existing appropriation for the purpose of making experiments to test the efficacy of Cobb's submarine battery, was passed.

On motion of Mr. White, the vote by which the bill to regulate the taking of testimony in cases of contested elections, was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, was reconsidered, and the bill was passed: Yeas 93, Nays 19.

The resolution for adjournment was taken up, and after being modified to fix the day at Wednesday, this week, at two o'clock, was agreed to.

The resolution of the Senate for a late hour was concurred in Executive Session.

On Monday in the Senate the House bill was received from the Senate and immediately taken up, the question being on concurrence with the Senate amendments.

Mr. Clifford moved to lay the bill on the table; negatived—Yeas 19, Nays 130: [not to be seen on a vote necessarily full house.]

The amendments of the Senate were concurred in without a division, and with one exception, *en masse*, and thus the Revenue Bill is finally passed.

The bill limiting the sale of the loan at par, and authorizing it once to be negotiated the issue of Treasury Notes for the immediate wants of Government in lieu of so much of the loan was taken up, and the question of the Whole on the Union, a resolution having been adopted to terminate debate on that topic, when the bill was reported to the House, where, after a speech from Mr. Stanley, the amendment of Mr. Adams, to which the certificates of loan was adopted—Ayes 102, Noes 43, and the bill was passed—Ayes 115, Noes 30, and sent to the Senate.

The resolution for adjournment was received from the Senate and concurred in.

The bill regulating the testimony in cases of contested elections was taken up, the question being on concurrence in the Senate's Amendments. Messrs. Wise and W. W. Irwin moved to lay the bill on the table—negatived.

The amendment providing that this or the Apportionment act shall not apply to the twenty-eight Congress in Senate electing by general ticket was non-concurred in—Ayes 56; Noes 92. Another amendment was non-concurred in, and several others agreed to. The bill was then returned to the Senate, and the House adjourned.

In the Senate on Tuesday, an Appropriation Bill was called by Mr. Evans, the object was to make an appropriation to carry out the Ganz-cadmus treaty.

The bill was passed and sent to the House.

The Fortification Bill as it passed the House was then taken up.

In the House.—After an effort to proceed to other unfinished business, the House went into Committee of the Whole, and took up the bill (the discussion of which in Committee by resolution had been limited to one hour;) for the Reorganization of the Navy.

Mr. J. R. Ingersoll was called to the chair, and the debate proceeded upon the merits of the bill. The amendments having been gone through with, the bill was reported to the House of Representatives, and passed upon the Previous Question by a vote of 117 to 35.

While the House was in Committee of the Whole the Speaker received a message from the United States Senate announcing the passage of the bill for the House, and gave the amendments of the Senate to the Clerk. The Speaker laid upon the table the bill "to provide Revenue from Imports." Another message was communicated to the chair, announcing the passage of the bill, entitled "An act to appropriate the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, and to grant pre-emption rights," approved September fourth, eighteen hundred and forty-one, be, and the same is hereby repealed.

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So the bill passed.

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Mr. Clifford moved to lay the bill on the table; negatived—Yeas 19, Nays 130: [not to be seen on a vote necessarily full house.]

The amendments of the Senate were concurred in without a division, and with one exception, *en masse*, and thus the Revenue Bill is finally passed.

The bill limiting the sale of the loan at par, and authorizing it once to be negotiated the issue of Treasury Notes for the immediate wants of Government in lieu of so much of the loan was taken up, and the question of the Whole on the Union, a resolution having been adopted to terminate debate on that topic, when the bill was reported to the House, where, after a speech from Mr. Stanley, the amendment of Mr. Adams, to which the certificates of loan was adopted—Ayes 102, Noes 43, and the bill was passed—Ayes 115, Noes 30, and sent to the Senate.

The resolution for adjournment was received from the Senate and concurred in.

The bill regulating the testimony in cases of contested elections was taken up, the question being on concurrence in the Senate's Amendments. Messrs. Wise and W. W. Irwin moved to lay the bill on the table—negatived.

The amendment providing that this or the Apportionment act shall not apply to the twenty-eight Congress in Senate electing by general ticket was non-concurred in—Ayes 56; Noes 92. Another amendment was non-concurred in, and several others agreed to. The bill was then returned to the Senate, and the House adjourned.

In the Senate on Tuesday, an Appropriation Bill was called by Mr. Evans, the object was to make an appropriation to carry out the Ganz-cadmus treaty.

The bill was passed and sent to the House.

The Fortification Bill as it passed the House was then taken up.

In the House.—After an effort to proceed to other unfinished business, the House went into Committee of the Whole, and took up the bill (the discussion of which in Committee by resolution had been limited to one hour;) for the Reorganization of the Navy.

Mr. J. R. Ingersoll was called to the chair, and the debate proceeded upon the merits of the bill. The amendments having been gone through with, the bill was reported to the House of Representatives, and passed upon the Previous Question by a vote of 117 to 35.

While the House was in Committee of the Whole the Speaker received a message from the United States Senate announcing the passage of the bill for the House, and gave the amendments of the Senate to the Clerk. The Speaker laid upon the table the bill "to provide Revenue from Imports." Another message was communicated to the chair, announcing the passage of the bill

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The Nut Cracker.

☞ In these two *dry nights* one must continue to *trot dangers* not to put their persons in the way of the *cars*, or the bull-dogs, as there is a madness worse than that of love. If any are anxious of the serenading fit, let them read the following:

SERENADING, EXTRA.

Yuke, baby, yuke! the moon are high
The twinkling stars is beauty
While now and then across the sky
A meteor are streaked
Yuke, lovely one! the sky are clear,
Reflecting in the waves,
It beam my nose, while I are here
A fiddlin' under the trees!

Yuke, Sally, dear! the bull-frog's note
Are heard a rounder rather,
And the outdoing tree toad swells his throat
Singin' in there an heaven.

Yuke, Wenus, none the 'uppermill
Singe on their rail-fence yonder,
While the reel signs forth his beasts' shrill.
Oh you! oh wake! I wonder!

Softly on the grassy lea,
Now are horses are pasein',
The stars look down and yark at me,
Oh! I are all a mind to!

Yuke, Sally, yuke! and look on me,
Yuke! Sally, yuke! Wehen I daughter
If I'll woo you, and you'll have me—
By George, she throw that are!
Oh! rural Sally, stay so slight—
How count de ball-play—
How cow! how cow!" he's got a hate!
We'll meet you to-morrow night!

☞ The Shawneetown Democrat—a good paper by-the-bye—has the following clear paragraph. "At the close of the lecture, Mr. Rosenmuller signified his intention to have a Concert, with Recitations between the parts, and on the following Thursday evening, in the Presbyterian Church, which we hope will be as well patronized as if it were free." Now, from this statement, we infer that Mr. Major the writer hopes that the church or the concert will be patronized. The grammatical construction would imply the former: but we fancy the editor means the latter. Our friend Ashler is about as definite as the renowned Sam Jennings of the following anecdote. "Sam, what is her master, "where is the hoe?" "Wid de harrow." "But where is the harrow?" "Why—wid de hoe." "You consolidated—where are both?" "Both together."

☞ The indecent attacks which appear in the Examiner, upon the persons who edit the various Magazines of this city, are not written by Mr. Andrews, the editor, but by a "filthy literary fungus," who appears to have taken the edumacse of his own character by hospitating the characters of others. There is an endless stretch of imagination which will not reach it.

On dit. That the "literary hanger-on" intends to start a magazine with a grumpy, not an "orange" cover. The illustration is to be "fore and aft" as well as in an interesting state. He has written more, though more, *and fish more of the peculiar genius* than any other critic, than any modern *literary* (?) man. The following is by him, "When is a bad-nosed, not a bad-nosed?—when it is a LITTLE RUDDY."

☞ *Commodorum—all about the Major.* Why is the Major of the Germantown Telegraph, trembling at the sight of our 'Nut Cracker,' like a boy with his new skates—because he is *afraid of his ice* to venture on?

Why is the Major's nut-shell like a pump sugar?—because *it is a monstrous sap.*

Why is the Major's head-quarters like a boxing master?—because *it is a NUT-er—and a very SERIOUS thing.*

Why is the *Major's* nut-shell like himself?—*because it lacks* KUNNEL.

If the Major don't behave himself soon, we shall ask why he is like a TRAMP!

☞ Park Benjamin has charged Tassistro with translating tales from the French, and selling them to American publishers as original. Mr. Tassistro denies the charge, affirming that he adapted, instead of translating the tales from the French. He charges Benjamin with stealing a poem from Hood, and claiming the honor. The two there is pronoun of fact.

"One armed with metal, t' other with wood.
This to for house and that for food."
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard cud and soft thing.

☞ The Knoxville Register (Tenn.) publishes "the Drunkard's Wife" from the Lady's World of Fashion, without credit. We have seen it credited to Mrs. Ellen Ashton's stories from the same work without credit. The War and Republican Rantan (Gettysburg, Pa.) publishes one of Mrs. Ashton's stories, also from the same work and without credit. Is this fair, gentlemen? "Honor among thieves?"

☞ We cut the following anecdote from the Ledger. We don't know whether *pure* is original, but it is at least old enough to be so. Eh? David Lane. But for the anecdote. A fellow getting hard up for money, told a farmer friend that he was going to "pay an exposure to society." "Ah, my friend," said the other, "just look at that ox" (pointing to a steer in that, and I'll warrant you'll draw a prize."

☞ Among other records of the Corporation of Canterbury, England, is the charge for the expenses of bringing a heretic from Lollard's Tower to the stake, viz: "A load and a half of wood to burn him, 5s.; for gunpowder, 1d.; and a stake and staple, 8d. These were the *good old times.* Men may have become less timid, and the mode of execution is proportionately less exciting.

☞ Our friend of the Niles Republican must have been cooking into his stride when he penned the following grammatical sentence:—"Many of the Wheat farmers are in the habit of killing this harmless bird under the impression that they injure the fruit trees." Well done, Col. Cook!

☞ QUERE.—Park Benjamin, who has been the lowdest in the cry against fashion plates in Magazines, now comes out as the editor of a work: "*devoted to the* fashions, and other amusements of the day." Is there a queer world, this,—as Dr. Stelle says, "Pity it's got to be burned."

☞ John Smith has sold one good thing—viz:—that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man ought to have his own." If he had said that every man ought to have the *Post* to give him standing he would have improved the saying.

☞ *Do-little, Sponge & Co.*, is a new firm started in New York. It drives an extensive business on Broadway, among fashionable gentlemen. We branch of the firm in Philadelphia is Peter, Walker & Co.

☞ The following are Dr Stelle's. When is a nose not a nose?—when it is a LITTLE REDDER.

Again. When is a nose not a nose?—when it is a TOUCH.

THE GALVANIC BATTERY.

The galvanic battery, so much employed by Mr. Grant, is one of the most ingenious contrivances of the day, and will lead to very important results, not only to surgical mechanical physicians, but also to the whole medical practice. The galvanic fluid has long been known to exercise a powerful influence upon the nervous system, and we are well assured that in all headache complaints, depending on a deficiency of nervous power, as rheumatisms, affections of sight, hearing, paralysis, epepsia, and a host of female complaints, called nervous, that this apparatus can be applied with a fair prospect of success. We understand that Doctor Draper, of this city, will commence a series of lectures, on the above subject, during the course of next week, accompanying and illustrating the subject. We have no doubt that this course of lectures will be very popular, and well attended.

A CELEBRATION.

On Thursday, on the return of the Whig Members of Congress, the party in Philadelphia met them in procession, escorted them in carriages to the Chinese Museum, and in the evening held a mass meeting, at which most of the prominent members spoke. About twenty carriages joined in the procession, and considerable enthusiasm was displayed. When the steamboat, containing the members, passed Fort Mifflin in coming up the river, a salute of thirteen guns was fired.

HIGH LIFE ROBBERY.

The London correspondent of the Union narrates a robbery in High Life, which had created an unprecedented sensation among the fashionables of London. It appears that the jewels of Lady Augusta Gordon were stolen, whereupon Lady Winchilsea, a grand niece of the Duke of Wellington, in her consternation at having missed them. Her husband, (the bluff, plain man who fought a duel in 1829, with the Duke of Wellington,) plainly asked Lady Augusta Gordon if she suspected his wife. The reply was, "I do." "Then," said he, "I shall search her trunks before you." He did, and in her jewel case was found the missing jewels. "They are like Lady Augusta's," said the Countess, "but they are my property." The jewels from whom Lady Augusta had purchased them were sent for, and at once identified them by certain marks which when he sold them, he had noted in his day book. There was no use in further denial, so the Countess Winchilsea then admitted that she had taken the jewels off of Lady A. Gordon's table, and meant to have sold them. The Lady and Lord have quitted England.

The Earl of Winchelsea married this, his second wife in 1837. He was already a true match upon his shrew. She had no fortune. The Earl is a man of luxurious propensities, and would like to take a pure, proud wife. Before the Earl's marriage, he received a shower of anonymous letters, asserting him that his intended was qualified to be wife to Barrington, the pickpocket. But the Earl married her. It is now said that the lady has repeatedly stolen articles of verte from the houses of the nobility with whom she visited—that servants have been suspected and accused, whereas she was the delinquent—and that several fashionable shopkeepers had, from time to time, been obliged to look over the lady, knowingly, by experience, that she, as well as others of the female aristocracy, were in the habit of pilfering. The real opinion is, that in such case, his cut is not to expose the party, but to put down an item in her bill, which will cover the loss.

"This affair, 'says the correspondent,' has made a great 'sensation' in London. The Queen has had the curiosity to enquire into it, and ascertained, I am told, that Lady Winchilsea should never be received at her Court. I am surprised at Lord Winchilsea's going abroad with his disgraceful wife at all. I am told, that he would not have gone again to see her. Lord Maidstone who, in 1837, brought O'Connell to book before the House of Commons, for calling that unseemly 'six hundred scoundrels,' in Lord Winchilsea's cabinet, now he has first marriage with the daughter of Lord Mansfield."

LETTER OF BOZ.

The letter of Mr. Dickens, in which he calls the American people rascals, repudiates, and cowards, because they will not pass an International Copyright Act, proves to be genuine, and not a forgery, as was at first estimated. We have received a letter by our captain about the International Copyright, and beg leave to tell Mr. Dickens, and the English fraternity in general, that the entire population of Billingsgate versus will join with their cousins. But none not think, because he denounces the American people as rascals, because they will not pay him, that he will make no contract in this country with the press to dispose of his works, that we are to be plunged into a state of literary Commercial Agency. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more rakes and ale? Ay, by St. Anne, and ginger will be hot in the mouth too."

The witty "SPARKS" has taken Boz in hand, and served him up in the following dish of salt and mustard.

VINDICATIVE.

Well, we've begun to groan, Boz,
We've "cut" you to the quick;
The disaster the dinner, Boz,
The heretofor the horrent!
So sorry tempter you was, Boz,
London ain't justice here.
No wonder, now, cursory crowds
Repeat their took a cheer.

We screwed you up in Boston, Boz,
The "cuss" to him and keep at it!
The "freeest nation of the earth,
Where "every man is equal,"
We quizzed with a vengeance, Boz,
Like gluttons, too, no doubt.
But folks at church never rap,
Don't relish sermin' out!

Sullen are some,
There's silence but away,
And "sour and yellow" paragraphs
Rescind no more of Mr.
We groan for a just "freeest nation," Boz,
A present constitution,
Our country present, that the "Boz"
Must work its own purposing!

You deserve a book of curses, where
You living "took to bed," Boz,
Rescinded by what we've loved,
By how much you had read, Boz!
Sent "down" to us, and we "cut" you,
Since not alone we're sending
Your "Notes" back, but we're sending
It sweeping to the dwellers
Well, "footmen heels remember," Boz;
"There thousand miles away,
Where "cuss" is not a virtue,
Our whole race would kick at sorry,
But stars would hoot in sorry, Boz,
Your company to bring,
And one bright spot deny us not—
We'll "cut you" by forgiving!

For our part, we are not surprised at the result of Dickens' visit to this country. We expressed ourselves clearly at the time, and we have since had the pleasure to see that a new stock of characters, and one what could be done for an international copyright. Thank heaven Philadelphia did not disgrace herself.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The editor of the London Athenæum has been indulged with the perusal of a private letter, from the celebrated astronomer, F. Bailey, Esq., giving an account of the total eclipse of the Sun, July 8th, 1842, as witnessed by himself at Pavia, (in Italy) over which town the line of totality passed most directly passed. His appearances were every way extraordinary, unexpected, and most singular. At the moment when the total obscuration took place, a brilliant meteor, or ball of fire, was seen by the observer, like the *meteors* which Catholic painters appear to them amiss. Suddenly, from the border of the black and luminous disc, there shot forth two magnificent, lucent forth, at three distinct points, within the asterisk, purple or lilac flames, visible to every eye! At this moment, from the whole circle extended projection of the moon, a simultaneous and deafening shout broke forth. A similar resolution, and a like universal feeling is recorded at Milan, occasioned by the self-same astonishing spectacle, accompanied in the latter instance with a general "*Hozza! viva! lo luna*" from the crowd. The Rev. Mr. Rosenmuller from Saxe Gotha, near Turin, by the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Airy, apparently under less favorable circumstances. Here, the moon's disc was seen to be surrounded by a magnificent crimson in the Alps the shadow striding from peak to peak, or blotting in successon the fair fields of Italy. Such an exhibition must have been grand, perhaps the sublimest which the eye of man can ever witness as a mere physical phenomenon.

SMOKING AND DRINKING.

Even before the rise of the Temperance reform, a great deal was said against the practice of smoking, and much of it had taken place in England. In Scott's youth, every fine lady was expected to drink his four bottles; and the Edinburgh writers to spend the evening over the bowl for their convivial habits. Dr. Johnson says, that the increase in drinking is partly to be ascribed to the change from ale to wine. "I remember," said he, "when all the shrewd people in Litchfield got drunk every night, and were not the worse thought of; but now they are sober, and get to be sent it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and the ring the more filthy for it. Yet," the doctor gravely adds, "I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should be given up." Under these remarks, that "drinking to excess has diminished greatly in the present age of the world, to one-twentieth part of its former. The taste for smoking, however, has revived, and instead of the sober seductive *pipe*, the unhealthy *cigar* is now in general use. But what we came to tell the end of smoking in America, where, since the rise of the temperance reform, men of sedentary habits, especially literary men, have found it necessary to resort to a quantity of excitement, favorable to composition. We have known strong coffee to be used for the same purpose.

AUTHOR OF HARRY LORREQUER.

Our readers, if they peruse "Jack Hinton," and we suppose they all do, are acquainted with the various characters which figure in the pages of that work. The book has now risen into notoriety within a very few years. He was born in the Queen's County. Five or six years ago, he kept a little dispensary in Fort Stewart; now, in Dublin, Doctor was about to commence practice, and rollicking Irish gals as Baby Blake, than he was of pills and plasters, the trustees became dissatisfied, the Doctor became disgusted and went to Trinity College, where his brilliant career commenced. The people of his own place speak of him as a very negligent physician, but as a young man of great originality and wit—"a fine fellow" and "the best company in the world." The Doctor is now in Dublin, editing the Magazine, at a salary of $1,000 a year, and the copyright of his works in a few years will make him a fortune. His novels, though not evincing a genius of the highest order, are pleasant, full of strong sense, spirits, gay, carefree, and dashing with characters, most graphically sketched. We have no doubt but that more of "Lorrequer," and the "Confessions of O'Malley" have been sold than of any novels published since Ivanhoe.

A CURIOSITY.

A late number of the Bridgetown (N. J.) Chronicle contains an account of a curious silver coin lately discovered on a field between Millville and Fairfield, in Cumberland county, New Jersey. The field has not been cultivated for more than twenty years past. The coin weighs to forty or forty-five pennyweights, and is almost covered, on both sides, with various characters, which bear a true resemblance to the written language of the Chinese. Two of these the English figures, and stand together in the centre of the plate, forming the number sixty-one. The supposition is, that it is a Chinese coin, but how it got into the Jersey sands is a question.

Literary Intelligence, &c.

☞ The annual commencement of old Harvard came off with great spirit. The degree of A.M. was conferred on fifty-five young men, and that of A.M. on eighty-two graduates in arts and of order. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Jared Sparks, Rev. Dr. Jenks, and Rev. Mr. Parkman. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon the members of the College government and faculty, the gentlemen specially invited, the graduates of the day, and the Masters of Arts, who were present, by invitation of the President of the University, dined together in the Hall, formerly fitted up in the building for nearly occupied by the University Library. We believe wine was, for the first time, banished from the table.

☞ At the commencement of Yale College, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on Gov. Seward, President of the University of North Carolina, and on the Rev. Samuel Hitchcock, of New Haven. No degrees of D.D. were conferred. The degree of A.M. was conferred in course on 39 alumni, and honorary on Rev. J. W. Alexand, Stamford; Roswell Smith, Hartford; John Hooker, Farmington; and Virgil W. Doss, New Haven. The degree of M.D. was conferred in course on 19 individuals, and honorary on 1. The graduating class of College was 109, the largest but 3 numbers, being the largest that ever left the Institution.

☞ The annual commencement of William's College occurs on the last Wednesday week. Thirty-four young men received the degree of A.B., and thirteen the degree of A.M., in course. The honorary degree of A.M. was conferred upon the Rev. Chauncey D. Bey, of East Douglas, on Luther Haven, of Leicester, and on Hiram Bullock, of Bullston, N. Y. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon the Rev. John Yeomans, President of Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa.

☞ Messrs. G. G. Foster and J. W. Moore of New York propose to start a political and literary magazine, to be devoted to the interests of the Whig party, and to be called "The United States Monthly Review." The price will be five dollars per annum. Mr. Foster is a man of decided talent.

☞ The total number of persons enrolled as members of Yale College is about 1000; the whole number of graduates living is 2000, of whom 1216 still survive. Such a large proportion, and argues that the scholar's life is favorable to longevity. The several libraries number 50,000 volumes.

Notices of New Works.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—*Collected by himself—(never before published in America)*—*Three vols.*—Carey & Hart—Philadelphia. The first volume of Scottiana, by the most eminent of the English authors of this century, now being published by Messrs. Carey & Hart, would induce much that issues in the character of the compilation. Already the miscellaneous writings of Macaulay, Wilson and Telford have appeared, while those of Scott are now on sale—and the appearance of the remainder of those of *Jeffrey, Sidney Smith*, Lockhart and Hoime is promised. The whole will form a series of the highest value.

The three volumes before us contain the various essays, critical articles, and other fugitive pieces of like character, which the author, from time to time, contributed to the periodicals of his day. Few of the papers have been hitherto accessible except to those readers who possessed sets of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, for which most of the articles were written. They will, therefore, be generally new to the American public, and, like every thing from Scott's pen, will be devoured with avidity. It is, indeed, only necessary for us to call the public attention to the work, the usual analysis of the contents can be spared us. We will only remark in passing, that the chief portion of the essays are on subjects requiring great research, and the appearance for which Scott was so remarkable. We instance the articles entitled "Early English Poetry," "Metrical Romance," "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," "Old Ballads," "The Chapters," "Arcadia of Gauli," and "Southey's Chronicles of the Cid," as illustrations of this remark. The celebrated letters of Napoleon Bonaparte are inserted at the end of the third volume, and may be read not only with curiosity but profit.

There is one article in these volumes which may be referred to as illustrating the worldly policy of Scott—we mean the review of the "Tales of my Landlord," contributed to our author in 1817, to the Quarterly Review. For a man to review his own book may appear somewhat anomalous, but in these cases it was not more extraordinary; but, in both these respects, the author of Waverley has many imitators, and they too among men who would not be thought to be in their natural obliquity. We cannot could put our finger on more than one pretender to literature, who has wriggled himself into a sort of reputation by such course; and, it is said that in a neighboring city, a system has been adopted by which celebrity is sold at so much a head—and moreover, that those who will not pay don't read in this ragged catalogue, and his toil, are loosely coupled. Scott never, perhaps, descended to this, but he committed the indiscretion—to say the least—of praising himself in this celebrated review. The fact is, he never was more popular, and it is a matter of mere business, in which he, as yet unknown as the author of Waverley, gave his own *imprimatur* as a critic, to the volumes he had written as a novelist—like the doctor who first killed his patients, and then took pay in the capacity of an undertaker, for burying them. We do not say that Scott has many imitators, this was a weakness, not to say a fault in Scott, which the world has better than a few scores to learn from this review. When we consider by whom it was written, the air of gravity with which it opens becomes irresistibly laughable and funny.

"These tales belong obviously to a class of novels which we have already had occasion to characterize as novels of character, and which have attracted the attention of the public in no common degree—we mean "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," and her later *Highland Sensitation to pronounce them entirely, as on a great part of the work of Scottish author.*" Why he should industriously endeavor to elude observation by taking the name of a critic, and then confidently propose himself and it as a matter of mere business, in which he, as yet unknown as the author of Waverley, gave his own *imprimatur* as a critic, to the volumes he had written as a novelist—like the doctor who first killed his patients, and then took pay in the capacity of an undertaker, for burying them. We do not say that Scott has many imitators, this was a weakness, not to say a fault in Scott, which the world has better than a few scores to learn from this review. When we consider by whom it was written, the air of gravity with which it opens becomes irresistibly laughable and funny.

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A few pages further on, where Scott has been abusing the author of Waverley for the flimsiness of his plots, occurs a sentence which is truly amusing.

"For each with his success more sparsely than we do, and yet without more attention on his own part, we have great doubts of his continuance."

We can imagine we see Scott, throwing himself back in his chair, at this paragraph, and indulging in that hearty guffaw for which he was famous.

In noticing the Black Dwarf, Scott is not very lavish of his praise, though he insinuates that the narrative is from the hand of a "man of genius," and that "the tale is, his strain, except here and there where he indulges in a harmless witticism, rises to absolute eulogy. He quotes a long passage, which, though nearly at true, sound strangely in Scott's own mouth.

"The volume which this author has studied is the great book of human life, and while it affords to the world in quest of what the world will certainly and ultimately supply, not a little of great discernment, it soars above well find, and a man of the very highest genius will almost depict after he has accomplished it. *The characters of Shakspeare are not mere abstractions of humanity, they are men and women, as they live and move, then those of this inspired master-mother.*—We cannot help wondering at the singular and blind acuteness with which in conveying the genuine sentiments of the Scottish people in the peculiar language of his native land, he has been able to avoid the appearance of grossness and vulgarity, which the coarseness of many similar attempt has hitherto been defended.—The work now more immediately under our consideration, is, we think, highly equally entitled to the truth and the endless variety of the characters.

But enough. We think these extracts will show that Scott did not scruple at self-praise, when gainous were to be gained, or curious inquirers into the authorship of Waverley to be thrown off the track. We have already said this review became our belief in what we have said of Scott's vanity, and we have a confirmation of this in Walter Scott. Cooper, in his review of Lockhart's life, told more than our truth on this point. But—to give Scott his due—it is said that Erskine prepared the article of the matter of this review. This may be so, though the manuscript is wholly in the handwriting of Scott.

☞ The Odd Water Magazine, for *September*, is out, and is a capital number. It deserves and will receive the patronage of the whole temperance, whose principles, by the bye, cannot be too much commended.—*Drunk & Sensensed!*

Graham's Magazine for *September*.—The Septemher number of this popular monthly is a perfect feast for the intellectual mind, and has sold in the cities with great rapidity, and several thousands of its impression have, we presume, been circulated in the country. The engagement of Messrs. Cooper, Lowell, Bryant, Dana, and other well known writers for this work, is a fresh guarantee, that its interest will shortly decrease, the whole of his time to this publication. Mr. Graham is also very busy after self-puffing, we apprehend, for the second number of the present volume of this city.

A Rich Number.—The September number of Graham's Magazine is unusually rich. It contains a brilliant assortment of American tales and literature, while its embellishments are very superior. The engraving of "The Proposal" and the "Lady Alice,"—some sweet poetry by Mrs. Osgood, and a very interesting review of Lowell, on the circulation of the work is now 50,000—a large number. Among the contributors to the number are Mrs. Osgood, Messrs. of Longfellow, Hudson, Tuckerman, Poe, Lowell, Graham, Dana, and other well known writers. The leading article is on Longfellow, a beautiful piece, entitled "The Spanish Student." Some of the promises are exquisite. The tone generally is loftier than in connection with the ordinary productions of this popular magazine; while the engravings, as we have said, are the rare, are fraught with true genius. The contributions of Cooper, the novelist, will commence with the next number.

Campbell's Foreign Monthly Magazine on account of the new arrangement of Messrs. Littell, Age and Saturday Evening Post, comprising the whole of the original matter contained in the former, will be published in future under the name of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature and Science. The object of the work is admirably set forth in its title, and after an examination of the contents, we can see no reason why the editor has fulfilled his promises, and made his magazine really a select miscellany of the periodical literature of the day. Campbell's Magazine, we understand, is to be found in the number—among which we may instance "Characteristics of German Genius." "The last fifteen Years of the Life and Virgil W. Doss, New Haven. The Age of M. D. was conferred in course on 19 individuals, and honorary on 1. The graduating class of College was 109, the largest but 3 numbers, being the largest that ever left the Institution.

☞ The annual commencement of William's College occurs on the last Wednesday week. Thirty-four young men received the degree of A.B., and thirteen the degree of A.M., in course. The honorary degree of A.M. was conferred upon the Rev. Chauncey D. Bey, of East Douglas, on Luther Haven, of Leicester, and on Hiram Bullock, of Bullston, N. Y. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon the Rev. John Yeomans, President of Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa.

☞ Messrs. G. G. Foster and J. W. Moore of New York propose to start a political and literary magazine, to be devoted to the interests of the Whig party, and to be called "The United States Monthly Review." The price will be five dollars per annum. Mr. Foster is a man of decided talent.

☞ The total number of persons enrolled as members of Yale College is about 1000; the whole number of graduates living is 2000, of whom 1216 still survive. Such a large proportion, and argues that the scholar's life is favorable to longevity. The several libraries number 50,000 volumes.

Notices of New Works.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—*Collected by himself—(never before published in America)*—*Three vols.*—Carey & Hart—Philadelphia. The first volume of Scottiana, by the most eminent of the English authors of this century, now being published by Messrs. Carey & Hart, would induce much that issues in the character of the compilation. Already the miscellaneous writings of Macaulay, Wilson and Telford have appeared, while those of Scott are now on sale—and the appearance of the remainder of those of *Jeffrey, Sidney Smith*, Lockhart and Hoime is promised. The whole will form a series of the highest value.

The three volumes before us contain the various essays, critical articles, and other fugitive pieces of like character, which the author, from time to time, contributed to the periodicals of his day. Few of the papers have been hitherto accessible except to those readers who possessed sets of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, for which most of the articles were written. They will, therefore, be generally new to the American public, and, like every thing from Scott's pen, will be devoured with avidity. It is, indeed, only necessary for us to call the public attention to the work, the usual analysis of the contents can be spared us. We will only remark in passing, that the chief portion of the essays are on subjects requiring great research, and the appearance for which Scott was so remarkable. We instance the articles entitled "Early English Poetry," "Metrical Romance," "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," "Old Ballads," "The Chapters," "Arcadia of Gauli," and "Southey's Chronicles of the Cid," as illustrations of this remark. The celebrated letters of Napoleon Bonaparte are inserted at the end of the third volume, and may be read not only with curiosity but profit.

There is one article in these volumes which may be referred to as illustrating the worldly policy of Scott—we mean the review of the "Tales of my Landlord," contributed to our author in 1817, to the Quarterly Review. For a man to review his own book may appear somewhat anomalous, but in these cases it was not more extraordinary; but, in both these respects, the author of Waverley has many imitators, and they too among men who would not be thought to be in their natural obliquity. We cannot could put our finger on more than one pretender to literature, who has wriggled himself into a sort of reputation by such course; and, it is said that in a neighboring city, a system has been adopted by which celebrity is sold at so much a head—and moreover, that those who will not pay don't read in this ragged catalogue, and his toil, are loosely coupled. Scott never, perhaps, descended to this, but he committed the indiscretion—to say the least—of praising himself in this celebrated review. The fact is, he never was more popular, and it is a matter of mere business, in which he, as yet unknown as the author of Waverley, gave his own *imprimatur* as a critic, to the volumes he had written as a novelist—like the doctor who first killed his patients, and then took pay in the capacity of an undertaker, for burying them. We do not say that Scott has many imitators, this was a weakness, not to say a fault in Scott, which the world has better than a few scores to learn from this review. When we consider by whom it was written, the air of gravity with which it opens becomes irresistibly laughable and funny.

"These tales belong obviously to a class of novels which we have already had occasion to characterize as novels of character, and which have attracted the attention of the public in no common degree—we mean "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," and the "Antiquary," and her later *Highland Sensitation to pronounce them entirely, as on a great part of the work of Scottish author.*" Why he should industriously endeavor to elude observation by taking the name of a critic, and then confidently proposing himself and it as a matter of mere business, *we cannot pretend to guess*, but we do not hesitate to say that the author of Waverley *serving as strict an incognito than has hitherto reached us.*

A few pages further on, where Scott has been abusing the author of Waverley for the flimsiness of his plots, occurs a sentence which is truly amusing.

"For each with his success more sparsely than we do, and yet without more attention on his own part, we have great doubts of his continuance."

We can imagine we see Scott, throwing himself back in his chair, at this paragraph, and indulging in that hearty guffaw for which he was famous.

In noticing the Black Dwarf, Scott is not very lavish of his praise, though he insinuates that the narrative is from the hand of a "man of genius," and that "the tale is, his strain, except here and there where he indulges in a harmless witticism, rises to absolute eulogy. He quotes a long passage, which, though nearly at true, sound strangely in Scott's own mouth.

"The volume which this author has studied is the great book of human life, and while it affords to the world in quest of what the world will certainly and ultimately supply, not a little of great discernment, soars above well find, and a man of the very highest genius will almost depict after he has accomplished it. *The characters of Shakspeare are not mere abstractions of humanity, they are men and women, as they live and move, then those of this inspired master-mother.*—We cannot help wondering at the singular and blind acuteness with which in conveying the genuine sentiments of the Scottish people in the peculiar language of his native land, he has been able to avoid the appearance of grossness and vulgarity, which the coarseness of many similar attempt has hitherto been defended.—The work now more immediately under our consideration, is, we think, highly equally entitled to the truth and the endless variety of the characters.

But enough. We think these extracts will show that Scott did not scruple at self-praise, when gainous were to be gained, or curious inquirers into the authorship of Waverley to be thrown off the track. We have already said this review became our belief in what we have said of Scott's vanity, and we have a confirmation of this in Walter Scott. Cooper, in his review of Lockhart's life, told more than our truth on this point. But—to give Scott his due—it is said that Erskine prepared the article of the matter of this review. This may be so, though the manuscript is wholly in the handwriting of Scott.

☞ The Mallowdon says the following note was written on the outside of a letter received on Saturday at one of the public offices, from Chicago, Illinois:—"A little has been fought between the Mormons and Anti Mormons in Hancock county, Illinois—forty were killed or wounded. The Governor has gone down with two hundred men."

Political Intelligence.

☞ The Secretary of this State advertises for proposals for the purchase from the commonwealth of all the railroads and roads belonging to the State. Each individual or company is required, specifically, to state the particular line of canal or rail road which they desire to purchase, and the amount of their respective bids therefor. Proposals will be received till the last day of November. They are to be directed to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and indorsed "proposals for the purchase of public works." State stock will be taken in payment at the par value.

☞ The Madisonian announces the ratification by the Senate of the United States, of the treaty concluded at Buffalo in March last, by the Hon. Ambrose Spencer, in behalf of the United States. The Senecas cede about 10,000 acres of good land, lying near their reservations, the Buffalo and Tonawanda, and retain two, the Cattaraugus and Cheektowaga.

☞ The Providence Chronicle states that a letter from the Post Office of that city on Friday morning, to Hampshire, directed to "Samuel Ward King, Senator from the State of Rhode Island." It was entered unopened. The letter is supposed to have been from Governor Dimmick, and contained his resignation of the office to give up Mr. Ward.

☞ Mr. Fisher, Robert Rives, appointed Secretary of Legation at London, is a relative of Mr. Forester Rives.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The subject of the various Presbyterian marriages is exciting much attention.—*Grace Watson.* In a paper received by the last steamer, it is stated that a suit of error in the case, has gone to the House of Lords; and, as the English judges are unanimous in favor of the validity of the marriage, it is probable the decision was expected within the next fortnight.—*The Dublin Evening Post*, on this subject says, "The suit is pending in the House of Lords, and cannot be answered in both orders! And we predict, that the appeal from this question will more seriously endanger the Established Church, than any thing that has occurred for many days of Lord. It is stated, that the Lord Primate takes a very anxious part in the proceedings, which have excited much interest in ecclesiastical circles."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*—The Rev. Dr. Hawks, rector of Grace Church, New York, has been appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the newly established Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia.

☞ The Rev. Rufus Babcock, D. D. has been appointed Home Secretary of the American and Foreign Bible Society, and has accepted the appointment.

Miscellaneous Items.

Dyspepsia.—The distressing complaint is a weakness of the digestive organs, and like every other disease, is caused by improper habits. The use of ardent spirits is fatal peculiar to the stomach, when secreted from bad blood, is defended in those wonderful salivary properties which are of such vital importance in digestion. Consequently, the use of bitters, or liquors of any kind, often becomes absolutely spoiled or putrified in the stomach. Then follows sick headache, nausea, distressing pains in the stomach, chokes, dysentery, cholera morbus, and a long train of evils.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Dyspepsia because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious humors, and purify the blood. Four or five of these Pills, taken at night on going to bed will in all cases give some relief, and if continued for a short time, will not only make a perfect cure of Dyspepsia, but will assuredly drive pain or distress of any description from the body.

Manner of Counterfeits.—Druggists and Apothecaries are cautioned against purchasing medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, from any one P. L. Hewitt, Agent, and a right good one, too, for the use of Southern and Western people. Let them look out for the counterfeits of this name are in general fair, and reflect honor on the character of the counterfeiter as well as the sweetest bards of Wisconsin. The imitation of Lowell is, however, a plagiarism, and we are surprised that a man of such talent should be guilty of purloining the fame of another. Lowell, when he chooses, can write better than nine-tenths of those, who sneer at, because they cannot imitate him. Let the "Wisconsin bard" no post in this country can touch on the same subject as the author of "Longfellow." We are therefore amused at the stamp of the author of "Longfellow" in this production.

The Ladies Companion for *September*—*W. F. Burgess, Philadelphia*.—This is magazine work, and not a newspaper publication, yours are occasionally seizing for the Companion is a fine number. It contains two engravings, and a fashion plate. "Zuleeta," by Dick, is a good tale. Dick is a Philadelphia author, and has Dana, Ingraham, and others. We see that Henry B. Hirst, Esq. an English figure in the work as usual. If friendship is the best test of merit, Mr. Burgess must be of these gentlemen, we have nothing to say—but for ourselves we are not *linked with either!*

The Religious Casket, *a monthly periodical, containing chiefly selections from the best Catholic reviews, magazines and other publications—September, 1842—Baltimore*.—We have received a copy of this ably conducted Catholic Church. The work is conducted with ability, and is one to which we are made up chiefly of selections from the foreign reviews, periodicals, &c. of the church. We see that it is recommended to the members of that persuasion by the Archbishop of Baltimore.

The Boston Miscellany, *for September*.—Our usual monthly visitor, comes out unusually exciting for this month. The exterior has been furbished up, and quite improved. The opening article by Willis is in that gentleman's happiest vein, while Mrs. Chandler has most of fine writers follow, with some of the best articles from Mrs. Sawyer, one of the most lovely writers of the *band of our young friend Harwood in the "old truths"*. The plates are excellent, and—what we like—the letter-press are not inferior.

Graham St. Julian—*by the author of Valentine Vox*—1 vol., with *illustrations*—*Carey & Hart*.—This is a very large octavo, got up in very handsome style, and embellished with numerous and graphic illustrations. The author's powers are well known: on that point, therefore, we need say nothing. His object in this work seems to have been to teach his readers to avoid evil associations, and to expose the arts of the scoundrels who prey on the young. The author's object is a noble one, and we have no doubt he has completely succeeded.

Six Nights with the Washingtonians—No. 6, *The Moderate Drinker*—by T. S. Arthur.—Here is another of the series of temperance tales, which we have noticed in former numbers. We consider by whom it was written, the air of gravity with which it opens becomes irresistibly laughable and funny.

"These tales belong obviously to a class of novels which we have already had occasion to characterize as novels of character, and which have attracted the attention of the public in no common degree—we mean "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," and the "Antiquary," and her later *Highland Sensitation to pronounce them entirely, as on a great part of the work of Scottish author.*" Why he should industriously endeavor to elude observation by taking the name of a critic, and then confidently proposing himself and it as a matter of mere business, *we cannot pretend to guess*, but we do not hesitate to say that the author of Waverley *serving as strict an incognito than has hitherto reached us.*

A few pages further on, where Scott has been abusing the author of Waverley for the flimsiness of his plots, occurs a sentence which is truly amusing.

"For each with his success more sparsely than we do, and yet without more attention on his own part, we have great doubts of his continuance."

We can imagine we

Gems from the Poets.

THE CHILD'S FUNERAL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Fair is the air, Sorrento, given thy shore,
Black crags behind thee pierce the deep blue skies;
The sea, whose loneliness ruled the world of yore,
And clear and bright and better than his

Venerian sunshine is safe, whose finest of fire,
Dangerless, dressed the curse on the sea-nymph's head,
And unconscious Naples, upon a tempering spire,
Sets on its slope beyond water and jagged cliff terrace.

Here doth the north, with flowers of every hue,
Hang her year-round winter when April sees or bough,
Flowers of the morning-red, or ocean-blue,
Or like the sunset, frost of silvery white.

Currents of fragrance, from the orange tree
And sound of violins, breathe long in and fro,
Magic, and wandering out upon the sea,
Refresh the idle horizons where they blow.

Yet even here, as under harsher climes,
Tears for the loved and early lost are shed,
That soft air sadness with the funeral chimes,
Those silent flowers are gathered for the dead.

Here once a child, a smiling playful one,
All the day long romping and sporting about,
Dead when in little tongue had just begun
To say in accents of those it loved the best.

The father strove his struggling grief to quell,
The mother wept to mothers used to weep,
Then broke their fond hearts, and all was well.
When four days' clock would strike from sleep.

Within an inner room his couch they spread,
His favorite couch, with snowy pillows and linen fine,
They laid a crown of roses on his head,
And scattered brighter in his crown above.

They scattered round him, on the snowy sheet,
Laburnum's cluster of sunset-colored gems,
Red hyacinths, and violets dim and sweet,
And orange blossoms and lilies like pale stems.

And now the hour is come, the priest is there;
The mother want to mothers used to weep,
With solemn vows of blessing and of prayer,
To lay the dear creature in his last sleep.

The door is opened; hark! the quick glad cry,
Calm has entered, his wished, and he is free;
The little mourners laugh and leap, and try
To climb the bier to watch the flowers in it.

And there he sees about, and gaily shakes
In his full locks, the blossomed and white.
And smiles with wishing eyes, like one who wakes
From long deep slumbers at the morning light.

Lover's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A RECKLESSNESS.

If my kind reader is not already tired of the mountain-road and the wild west, may I ask him once more to ride—or accompany on a bible and pretzler, while I present another picture of its life?

You see that bold mountain, jagged and rugged in outline, like the spine of some gigantic beast, that runs far out into the Atlantic, and ends in a bold, abrupt headland, against which the waves from the very coast of Labrador are beating without one intervening rock to break their force. Carry your eye along its base, to where you can mark a little church and school and hotel, with here and there a taper poplar interspersed, and see if you cannot detect the gable of a long, low, thatched house, that lies almost buried in the foliage. Before the door a little patch of green sweeps down to the shore, where a sandy beach, glowing in all the richness of a morning sun, closes with a shelf and bluff of rocky pebble,—that, then, is Maranaskilty. But apparently a lazy one, a little smarter; let me suppose that I have braced the winding of that little bay, crossing the wooden bridge over the bright trout stream, as it hurries on to mingle its waters with the ocean; you have climbed over the rude stile, and stopped for an instant to look into the lonely well, in whose silvery surface the little wooden cross-bird above is dimly shadowed; and, no doubt, you glanced upon the letters the cottage. What a glorious scene is now before you! On the opposite side of the bay, the mountain whose outline I have already sketched, seems as if were cleft by some earthquake's force, and through its narrow gorge you can trace the blue water of the sea passing on, while each side of the valley is studded with wood. The cut of a hundred years, hardened from the cold wind of the Atlantic, spreads a luxuriant scene, while its family waves are breaking at the foot. High, however, above their tops you can discern the irregular outline of a large building, with its towers and lawns, and massive walls, and over-all the round tedeal tower, that rises high into the sky, and from whose summit the noisy rooks are circling in the sunshine. That is Kilmorna Castle, the residence of the Great Baron. There, for centuries past, have successive wars been hatched, from its walls have issued a chosen and gallant band, to the call of their chief, the descendants of an ancient family, who have held their own against every change, and seem to have lived and flourished in spite of the hard, unfeeling character of the land, and the poverty and misery which surrounded them.

You carry your eye further that sea-bound in the far distance, and you can see the fleets, and fishing-boats gliding like shuttles and pitches in the breaking surge, the small, light row boats, and the lumbering hooker, the latter far beyond her ballast, have, you deem it, a pretty full turn, and there now you can mark the long, low Lugger, a smuggling craft from Dieppe, whose build and French hull, would fight her to the gun's last, and sink with, but never surrender her. You hear the plaintive cries, and there now you can mark the boats' crew ply springing to the stroke, as it shoots from the shore, and heads out to sea. We cannot, however, call like a true old Irish gentleman, he drinks it from the wood; their way, therefore, he soon comes why these well-looking red cops have pulled in shore.

But now I'll ask you to turn to an humbler scene, and look within that cottage whose door, sheltered from the ground, is bordered by blossoming honeysuckle—it is the priest's parlor. Its walls, whitewashed within, look clean and neat but simple equipage has a look of propriety and comfort, as seated near the window, the young gown and hanging utensils seem strangely at variance with the humble parents around him. He seems endeavoring to read a newspaper, which, ever and anon, he lays down to look at his pupil, who has risen to the bottom of the fire. For, although it is July, yet a keen freshness of the morning, or rather long training had for an arrear objectionable. He looks towards the fire, perhaps, to avoid my, but in his own thoughts and meanings; but no, truth must out, and his attention is occupied in a very different way. Running lightly for him a young and lovely country-girl, engaged in toasting a muffin at the genial kindness; her features are flushed partly with shame, partly with heat, and as how and then she looks up to her lover, the smile of encouragement is not lost on her, for there, there, her blood is not as hot as is reported. I suppose I looked as much, for she blushed deeply, and smiling said, "Here's Father Tom!" opening to her logs and burned from the room.

"Where's my son, Mary, on the way?" cried the good priest, as he passed her in the hall. "Ah, captain! congratulate, believe me!"

"I protest, father—no! I—"

"To be sure you do." Why wouldn't you protest? But see now, it was your business brought me out the morning. I asked you over the night. I am so happy at a hand. The devil is in that girl—they as hard as leather! I see how it was, plain enough. It's little she was thinking of the name eggs. Well, well! that is an unexpected world; and only think of me, all I was going for you.

"My dear father, you are quite wrong—"

"No matter. Another slice of bacon. And, after all, who knows but I have the worse of it? Do you know, now, that Miss Bellew has about the softest cheek—"

"What the devil was you doing there, sir?"

"Why just as I was saluting her, *a la Francaise*, this morning; and I better case her look handsomer in my life. It was some such a child when I was over at Kilmorna, but curly as it was, I caught her making breakfast for me, and indeed rather than that I couldn't help being in love with her. It was a beautiful sight just to watch her light step and bothered figure moving about the parlor—now opening the window to let in the fresh air of the morning, now arranging a bouquet of mignonette, now heaping herself among the books and all the while stealing a glance at the old Baron, to see if he were pleased with what she was doing. Ah, Jack, you have no soul, to call on you to, and, indeed, it is an intrusion to seldom pays any one, particularly, indeed, when I am not over anxious to be world; and if the truth were told, he has not had too much cause to be so."

"You mentioned to him, then, that I was here?"

"I was afraid I did, and the thing so out of a sudden fagot, for Miss Louise, who was pressing out my tea at the moment, gave a jerk into her hand, and split the boiling water. I only found out I was done. My dear, you've spoiled the tost that morning! half of it never saw the fire, and the other half is as black as my hat. But, as I was saying, for Baron knows all about you, and is anxious to ask us to dine there to-day. I have offered to give for misfortune myself, and accept a first, but he is very particular about dinner-hour, and would hear of any thing but dinner at the regular way."

"I feel so much obliged to Mr. Clark Bayley's office—"

"Not a word. And since when I rushed to lunch on to the order of a little explanation, he adroitly turned the subject, and spoke of something else. But it is *daunting* life, and I have some people to see this morning, so enter along into my little library here, and I'll have you for a while to answer yourself."

The priest led me, as he spoke, into a small room, whose walls were covered with books from the floor to the ceiling; even the very door by which we entered had its shelves, like the rest, on them, when once in, you could see no trace of it. A single window looked outward, towards the wide Atlantic, and presented a very fine study of the ocean, blended with beautiful inland perspective. Beneath, upon the pleated sea, was a whole fleet of fishing-boats, the crews of which were busily engaged in collecting the sea-weed to manure the land. The sight was both amusing and curious. The light boats, tossing on the heavy swell, were provided with figures whose attitudes evinced all the energy of their occupation, while the distant coast would arise between two portions, as their handmades were fixed in the same case of tangled weed. Sometimes the whole crew would be seen stretching upon their oars, as they headed out to sea, in search of a new prize; the heavy wave and the loud laughter, however, that rose above all other sounds, told that success had already spoke to their toil, and them in all the order of the contrast.

Long after the priest left me, I continued to watch them. At last I set myself to explore the good father's shelves, which I found, for the most part, were filled with portly tomes of divinity and polemics, huge folio copies of St. Augustine, Origen, Tertullian, and others; the somewhat voluminous volumes of learned tractates on disputed points in theology; some of which possessed interest for me. In one corner, however, beside the fire, whose convenience to the habitual seat of Father Tom argued that they were not lent in favor with his reverence, was an admirable collection of the French dramatists, Moliere, Beaumarchais, Racine, and several more; these were a real treat; and seeing myself beside the window, I determined to while away some time in my life, by read "La Folle Journee."

I had scarcely got to the end of the second act, when the door was gently opened, and Mary made her appearance; not in the shade-hat of the morning, but dressed with a trim cotton gown, and smart shoes and stockings; but that was not the only change visible in her person; yet still I was more than half disposed to think she looked very much improved by the alteration.

The critical acrimony of my glance had evidently disconcerted her, and her cheek with a tone of warmth the object of her coming. She looked down and blushed, and fidgeted with the corner of her apron, and then collecting herself, she dropped a little courtesy, and opening the door, announced Miss Flaire Bellew.

"Mr. Hinton, I believe," said Sir Simon, with a slight smile, as he took my hand, "I am happy to meet you—will you allow me to introduce myself—Sir Simon Bellew."

The baronet was a tall, thin, meager-looking old man, somewhat stooped by age, but preserving, both in look and gesture, not only the remains of good looks, but the evident traces of one habituated to the world. His dress was plain, but there was the scrupulous exactitude of the powdered rue and the massive gold-headed cane he carried showed he had not abandoned those marks of his position as distinctive of rank in those days. He was, also, large and handsome, and differed in both, as to every other particular, his costume was completely itself.

Conversing with an aunt which evinced his acquaintance with all the forms of society, he touched shortly upon my former acquaintance with my daughter, and acknowledged in terms slight, but suitable, how she had been of use to the travellers of her father's house. He was followed by every thing I had deemed to be Irish than that of any other person I had met with in the course of my life, and he expressed his pleasure at my visit to the west, and invited me to spend some days at his house, previous to doing me had nothing whatever of the warmth and cordiality of manner I had observed in the priest, and in